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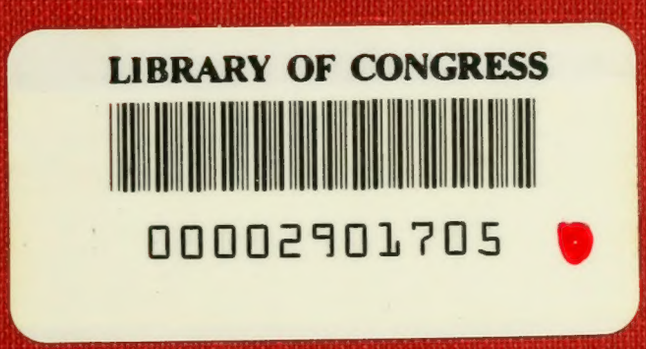

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BABY'S TRIP TO THE MOON.

JOSEPHINE BEMIS FULLER GILL.

The Bowen-Merrill Company.
Indianapolis.

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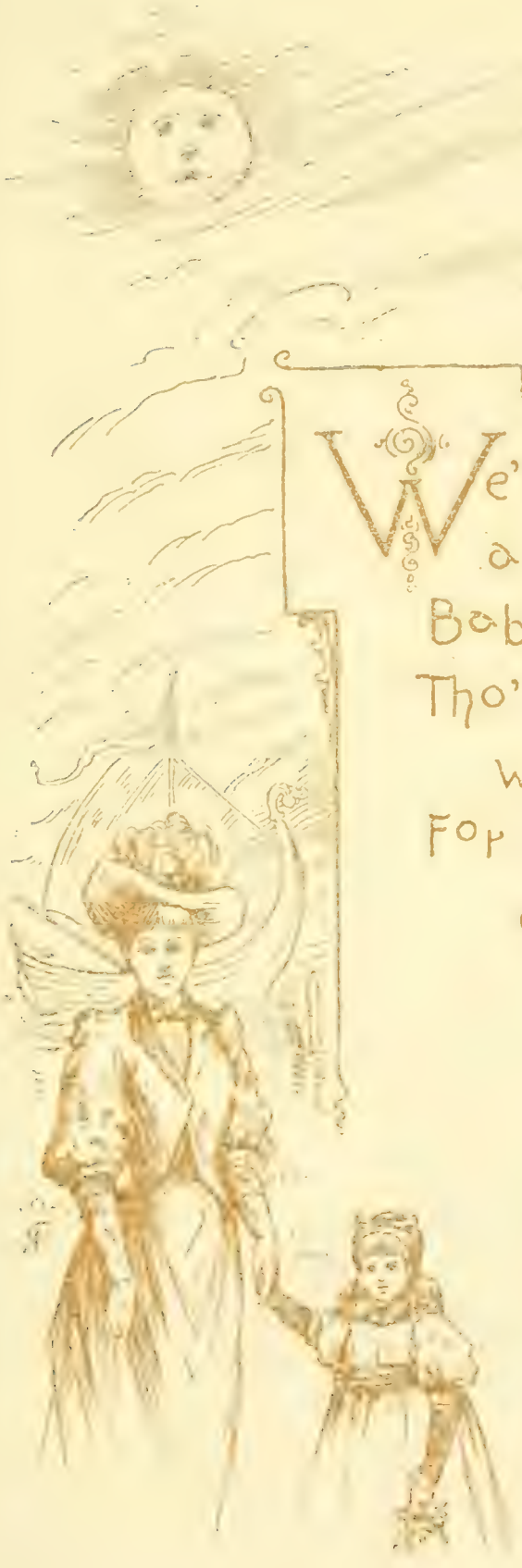


We're going to take
a trip to the moon,
Baby and I afloat.
Tho' the way be long
we'll be there soon,
For we sail in
a Fairy
boat.

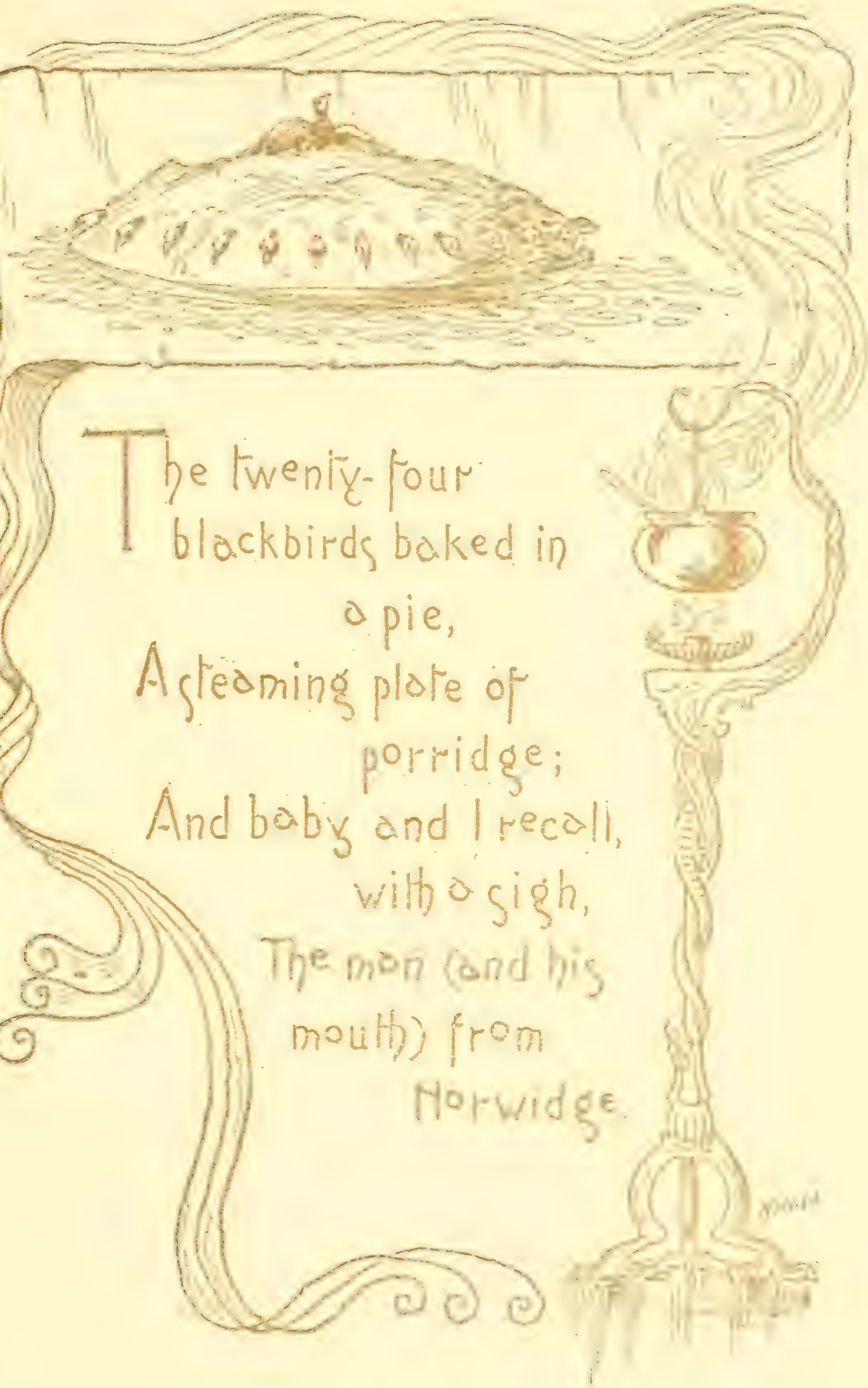
We sail and we sail, then anchor cast
On that beautiful moon-lit shore;
We fix it firm, we fix it fast,
For we want to sail home once more.

Hark! such a
bustle and such
a shout;
Such sounds of revelry.
We wonder what ever
they be about
And whosoever
they be.

Baby's great eyes
open wider still
And I take her wee hand
in mine;
She looks and listens
in silence until
Fear
and surprise
combine.

We go to visit that
potentate,
The wonderful man in the
moon;
He sits up there in his chair
of state
And eats with a
Silver Spoon.

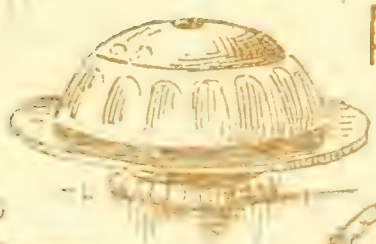
While taking his
supper he does not see
Baby and me agast;
Of such wonderful
dishes eateth he
And eateth so
very
fast.

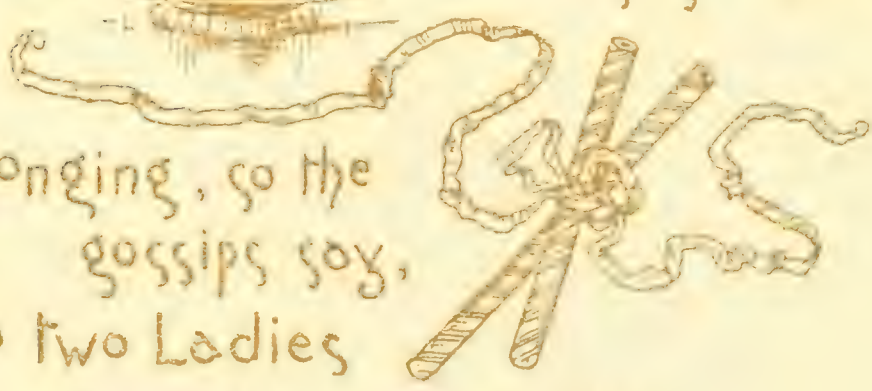

The twenty-four
blackbirds baked in
a pie,
A steaming plate of
porridge;
And baby and I recall,
with a sigh,
The man (and his
mouth) from
Norwidge.

And next we see
a Christmas pie,
Full of spice and citron
and plum.
We can't help wishing,
although we try,
That we might put in
a thumb.

Beside the pie a plate
we see
Of white bread and
golden honey;
It's now to us
no mystery
That the Queen
left the King
with his
money.

A dish of
tarts
and curds
and whey;
Plum cake
and sugar candy





Belonging, so the
gossips say,
To two Ladies
and Jack-a-Dandy.

This wonderful table is loaded down
With quite an hundred weight:
The man eats on, then doffs his crown
To sleep in his chair of state.

The End

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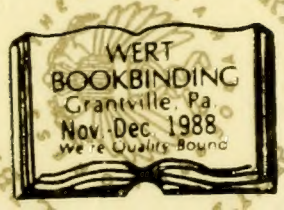
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